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† The Countess of Berkley.

45. 10. Machaon: Sir Tho. Millington.

46. 1. Celsus: Dr. Bateman.

10. Scrimonian Squadron: i. e. the Cranes.

11. } The Delegate:

19. } Heavenly Guide: } Dr. Bateman.

48. 119. The Goddess: Health.

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9. Your Charge: Dr. Bateman.

11. Matchless Atticus: The Lord Somers, then Lord Chancellor.

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Miscellaneous P O E M S.

By a Young GENTLEMAN.

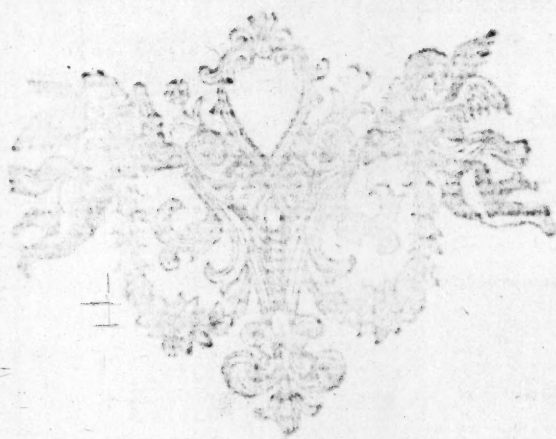


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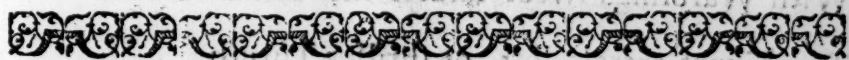
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Miscellaneous POEMS.



The Beginning of a PASTORAL.



ONE Summer's Day was weary Mico laid

Beneath the Covert of a Poplar Shade ;

He there retir'd, found a secure Retreat
[Heat.

From the fierce Fury of the scorching

A silver Brook ran gently murm'ring nigh,

Whose Noise the Ear, whose Purling pleas'd the Eye ;

Its shelving Banks with gaudy Flowers bedight,
 Regal'd the Smell, and gratify'd the Sight :
 Here Primroses their fragrant Sweets display ;
 Here Daifies trick themselves in meet Array ;
 Here Violets blue, with golden King-cups join ;
 All o'er the Fields sweet-breathing Flowers combine
 Their blended Scents : The Fields with lively Green
 Bespread, display'd a pleasing chequer'd Scene.
 The mounting Lark here in its gladsome Rise,
 With Warblings sweet salutes the distant Skies.
 The Linnet carrols soft, or shriller Thrush
 Sings on some shady Tree, or verdant Bush.
 His bleating Flocks around him gazing stand ;
 His lowing Herds the further Fields command ;
 His bleating Flocks and lowing Herds afford
 An innate Pleasure to their happy Lord.
 Their happy Lord himself compos'd to Rest ;
 For Love, nor Care, nor Jealousy molest
 His easy Quiet, or invade his Breast.

 }
 His

His rural Pipe and Crook beside him lay ;
His rural Pipe, on which he us'd to play
Melodiously a soft enchanting Lay.

As downy Sleep just 'gan to cloud his Eyes,
The mournful *Hobbinol* that wayward hies.
Young *Hobbinol* was once a merry Swain,

The blitheft Lad of all the jocund Train ;
The blitheft he, 'till *Cupid's* ruthless Dart
His Temper four'd, and pierc'd his heavy Heart.

At *Hobbinol's* Approach, in a Surprise
Up *Mico* starts, into his Arms he flies.

M I C O.

What ! *Hobbinol* my Friend return'd again !
Art thou return'd, amongst us to remain,
And with thy Stay, to chear the drooping Plain ?

H O B.

Oh, happy Plains ! (quoth he) no more I'll leave
Your pleasant Shades, no more my self deceive

With

With simple Thoughts, imaginary Joys,
Nor rove the World for gaudy trifling Toys.



A PASTORAL.

O H, DELIA! listen to my mournful Strain,
Attend the Wailings of a grieving Swain;
If influenc'd by my deploring Verse,
Condoling Pity shall your Bosom pierce,
And you commiserate his killing Pain,
Oh! think of me the real, shadowed Swain.

A Shepherd Boy, unable to endure
Love's racking Pains, not hoping of a Cure,
Thus to the Groves his inward Grief did vent,
And plain'd him of his dreary Discontent.

Tell me, ye conscious Groves, if e'er you found
A Shepherd Lad whom Love did deeper wound.

Others

Others might with more florid Skill impart
The inward Ailments of an aching Heart;
But none e'er suffer'd sadder Pains than I;
For ling'ring in Despair, Oh! I could Die.

Did crackling Flames enwrap your Boughs all round,
A hotter Flame wou'd in my Breast be found:
You your consuming Flames would soon devour,
But my more lasting Flames I must endure.
Oh! that I could, like you, but senseless grow,
Or in some flinty Stone forget my Woe!

O LOVE! how rigid is thy Tyrant Sway,
To pain thy Vot'ries, who thy Power obey!
And who is he that can his Breast secure
From thy infectious Dart? So great's thy Power;
So smooth's the Passage of thy slipp'ry Dart,
If we but look, it glides into the Heart.

Ah, well a-day! that e'er that Day was seen
By me, when LUCY coy Danc'd on the Green;

That

That luckless Day, when deckt in meet Array,
 She deftly Danc'd, and bore the Prize away;
 From all the Lasses she the Garland won;
 Whence they to Glout, with canker'd Spite, begun :

But she regarded not their canker'd Spite,
 Nor seem'd her even Mind mov'd with Delight,
 At their Applause ; tho' the Applause did gain
 From all the just Spectators of the Plain.

The Lads all gaz'd ; and I, unwitting I,
 Amongst the rest did glance an heedless Eye.
 Ah, heedless then, tho' heeded since full well !

What Words can shew, what plaintive Language tell
 How great my Soul's Disquietude has been,
 Since first by me that matchless Form was seen !
 Ah ! how have I complain'd, by Night and Day,
 Of the hard Usage of her rig'rous Sway !
 In vain I've plain'd, whilst she far from the sound
 Of my Complaint, regarded not my Wound :
 Or if to her I plain'd, with haughty Scorn
 Th' inhuman Maid on me her Back wou'd turn :

Or

Or on the Plain if she my Face descry,
 She'll from my Face, as from a Serpent, fly.
 Ah! why, dear L u c y, why so ruthless still?
 Why are you pleas'd a faithful Swain to kill?
 Such is your Scorn, I can't your Scorn endure,
 And Death alone Love's pining Pain can cure.
 When drousy Slumbers Mortals Eye-lids close,
 And in soft Rest their bitter Cares compose,
 Unknowing of Delight, a Stranger to Repose,
 With prouling Wolves the silent Night I rove,
 And tempt the Dangers of the fearful Grove.
 The prouling Wolves pinch'd with sharp Hunger, rome;
 But pinch'd with sharper Love, I quit my Home.
 Oh! come, ye Wolves; here stands a willing Prey,
 And with your Hunger drive my Love away.

My once-gay Mind so alter'd is of late,
 Relenting Swains all 'wail my grievous Fate:
 They pity, pity my successless Flame,
 And all agree t'accuse the scornful Dame.

Unhappy Youth, (say they) he'll be undone,
 Nor heeds he where his gadding Sheep do run.
 Why shou'd I heed? Ye gadding Sheep may run
 Where Fancy leads; already I'm undone:
 Betide what will, my troubled Mind can know
 No greater Ill, nor a more pond'rous Woe:
 Tho' now so Dull and Thoughtful, yet I had
 The Character once of a Jovial Lad:
 For Catches brisk, and Tales of Mirth had I,
 Still to divert the pleasant Company;
 With merry Jokes, and little cunning Arts,
 I pleas'd the Lads, and won the Lasses Hearts:
 The Virgins all around were pleas'd with me;
 Tho' I'm, relentless Maid, despis'd by thee.

Ah, quit, relentless Maid, your wonted Scorn!
 Nor fly me thus, but kindly, kindly turn;
 For as you fly, Time swiftly flies away,
 And flying Time brings nothing but Decay;

Devouring

Devouring Time those peerless Charms will fade ;
 Why are blest'd Love's entrancing Joys delay'd ?
 Love's Joys will ever be delay'd to me,
 Whilst some rich Swain must the Possessor be ;
 On some more wealthy Swain you may bestow
 Your Love, but none a truer Love can know.

Oh, L U C Y, L U C Y, leave your deadly Spite !
 These flow'ry Plains would then my Mind delight :
 Now no Delight these flow'ry Plains can give,
 And here a painful lingering Life I live.

Oh, L U C Y, L U C Y, were you Kind to me,
 With what hard Labour could I not agree,
 That you from unspontaneous Labour should be free :
 No Labour should disgrace your beauteous Hand,
 For you the Dairy only should command ;
 At Home the willing Servants should direct,
 Whilst I Abroad your Pleasures would respect ;

Observant of my Love, I'd bring to thee
 The glossy Plumb, or rob the Cherry-tree
 Of luscious Fruit; I'd search the fertile Fields
 For all the choicest Fruit that bounteous Nature yields:
 My Flocks, my Stores, shou'd be by you possess'd,
 And I wou'd strive to make my L u c y bless'd.

The breaking Dawn now streak'd the light'ning Skies
 The rousing Hinds to early Labour rise;
 Strait Homeward Lobbin goes, there a short space
 Sleep from his Breast perplexing Love did chase.





MACAREUS to CANACE.

WITH silent Fear I read your Letter o'er,
 And, trembling, the void Margin did explore;
 Left sanguine Drops the fatal Letter stain,
 And purple Proofs attest the Writer slain;
 Or these unfinish'd Lines, abruptly clos'd,
 Shou'd intimate that Fate had interpos'd,
 Had stop't your Hand, your dying Plaint suppress'd;
 Ah! yes, I fear, pierc'd is your tender Breast;
 E're this, I fear, you by the Sword expire,
 The cruel Gift of your unkindly Sire.
 Than Tempests more Relentless he appears,
 If mollify'd not by your precious Tears.
 Those Tears might hardest Rocks to Pity move;
 Those Tears so melting, prevalent must prove.

Tho'

Tho' obstinate he seems, he must obey
 Strong Nature's Instinct, and impulsive Sway.
 His storming Soul, like the tempestuous Wind,
 Bluff'ring a-while, a smiling Calm must find.
 And once this Storm, this threatening Storm's blown o'er,
 Love will again its halcyon Days restore :
 Tho' all Surmise, all prompted Hopes were vain,
 E'er to expect those halcyon Days again :
 Yet, might my future Suff'rings move your Mind,
 Th' exact Compassion and you must decline.
 Oh ! think, what piercing Sorrow must succeed
 The rash Performance of this fateful Deed ;
 How great's the present Anguish that I bear,
 Whilst apprehensive that your Death's so near.
 Too well my Fancy pictures to my View
 The Victim Posture thus describ'd by you ;
 " One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,
 " And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.
 So soon, I fear, by the prefixed Blow,
 (If not) you'll in the dreary Shades below,

The new-fled Ghost of our poor Infant meet,
 There fix'd your Doom, and never-changing Seat.
 Poor hapless Baby, what pretended Fault
 Could by thy Infant-Innocence be wrought,
 That thus of thee thy Grandfire has dispos'd,
 To Mountain Wolves and rav'nous Birds expos'd !
 Our Love's too hasty Joys I now regret,
 (Which to our Peace, oh ! sad reverse of Fate,
 Destructive prove) tho' once my sole Desire,
 But I not dar'd to the wish'd Joy t' aspire.
 Oh, the Surprise ! the pleasing Ecstasies,
 I felt all o'er my flutt'ring Senses seize !
 When your old Nurse, by your kind Orders, came
 To found my Passion, and reveal your Flame :
 Which Shame, which Fear, and Modesty repress'd,
 And kept conceal'd within your panting Breast.
 On whose first Motion my subservient Love
 Depended, and deriv'd its Power to move.
 Long burnt my Breast with Love's Intestine Flame,
 Yet I not dar'd my Passion to proclaim ;

Nor

Nor dar'd to hope you ever wou'd attend
 To my mov'd Suit, and gentle Pity lend :
 Tho' oft I thought I in your Looks did find
 Stoln Glances speak a sympathizing Mind :
 No Look unwatch'd, still I'd with Rapture gaze
 On the attractive Beauties of your Face ;
 Hang on your Neck, and with fond Am'rous Play
 Delude the Hours, and pass the blisful Day :
 Your balmy Lips with glowing Kisses seal,
 Kisses which more than Brother's Warmth did feel :
 Your Kisses too more than a Sister's shew,
 Your Eyes so sparkle, and your Cheeks so glow.
 Our mutual Love at length to both made known,
 Embraces warm, and full Fruition crown.
 Oh, blessed Time, whilst in your Arms I lie,
 Rifling your Sweets, and consummate my Joy :
 Each following Day, and Night, in Pleasure past,
 In Pleasure too-too exquisite to last.
 Now the productive Moon Nine times had rang'd
 Her circl'd Sphere, Nine times had Fill'd and Chang'd,
When

When your prolifick Womb the gnawing Pains
 Of Labour feels, and with its Burthen strains:
 Now more and more the coming Throes encrease;
 The struggling Babe endeavouring to release
 It self from the dark Prison where it lay,
 And from the Womb to force th' implicit Way.

Soon as the conscious Nurse the Tydings brought,
 Your distant Room in confus'd Haste I sought.
 As to the Entrance of your Room I came;
 Half-stifled Groans your deep Distress proclaim;
 How was I struck! How sunk my bleeding Heart,
 To see you struggling with your deadly Smart;
 Your heaving Body, tossing to and fro,
 With Pangs extreme, unutterable Woe!
 How glow'd your Face, while Drops of Sweat apace,
 With blendid Tears, run trickling down your Face;
 Aw'd by your Sire, urg'd by your grinding Pain;
 Nor durst you cry, nor cou'd your Cries restrain:

These inward Strugglings, and this harsh Constraint,
 Your Throes imbitter, and your Spirits faint !
 As whisp'ring Comfort by your Bed I stand,
 In Agony how wou'd you grasp my Hand !
 How bite your Lip ! How oft wou'd you proclaim,
 With Torture frantick, my repeated Name !
 How wou'd you Smile, and flatt'ring Briskness feign,
 Oft as you found an Interval from Pain !
 Eas'd of you Throes, at length, to both our Joy,
 Your teeming Womb discharg'd a lovely Boy.
 Unhappy Child ! in inauspicious Hour
 (Clandestine Birth) thee thy poor Mother bore ;
 In inauspicious Hour wer't thou convey'd,
 By the bold Nurse, (who 'lone was conscious made
 To our Embraces, and our only Aid)
 Through the large Hall, where, on his Throne of State,
 Our Sire, with his loud boist'rous Council, sat ;
 Swath'd in her Lap, and cover'd round about
 With Olive-Branches, seemingly devout,
 With the enfolded Babe she ventur'd out ;

And

And mutt'ring Prayers, as holy Rites she meant,
Through the divided Croud unquestion'd went.

Just at the Door, th' unhappy Infant's Cries
Did our unthinking, dreaded Sire, surprise :
Swift as a Whirlwind to the trembling Nurse he ^{[flies ;}
With one fierce Puff, the scatter'd Leaves he blows
Away, and did the latent Fraud disclose.

By his Command, the Babe's convey'd away,
In Desert-Lands expos'd an helpless Prey :
On you, next, his destroying Fury's shown,
Your forfeit Life must for the Fault atone.

Shock'd with the tragick Scene his Rage had wrought,
Here from his Rage I sanctuary fought ;
And here confin'd, with beating Heart I wait,
The dreaded Issue of our loursing Fate :
In melancholy Thought, I here review
Those past Delights, I once enjoy'd with you,

Your Looks, your Words, and your Embraces kind,
 With all th' Endearments past, recur to Mind ;
 Over a thousand Joys my Fancy strays,
 Which but conspire my present Grief to raise.
 Time never, never can those Joys restore ;
 Fled are those Joys, CANACE is no more,
 Or soon no more must be ; Ah ! she must Die ;
 A frowning Father does her hated Life deny.

If in your Death he still persists, I will,
 If in my Power, your last Desires fulfil :
 If undevour'd our Infant's Limbs remain,
 One sacred Urn your Ashes shall contain.



STUNNED



LINUS to HYPERMNESTRA

I Who alone survive of Fifty, late,
 Whose Ill-Star'd Love betray'd t' untimely Fate,
 Write this to the dear Author of my Flight,
 My kind Preserver, in that fatal Night
 Your Sisters did their dire Obedience show ;
 Whence come your Chains, and Springs our mutual Woe.
 The woful Plaints your mournful Lines impart,
 Press on my Soul, and wring my bleeding Heart :
 My pensive Thoughts all distant Pleasures fly,
 Whilst your soft Limbs in galling Fetters lie ;
 (Those soft, those tender Limbs, alone shou'd prove
 The grateful Fetters of contending Love)
 No, my disorder'd Thoughts no Truce can know,
 While you're my dearest tenderest Part in Woe.

And

And are these cruel Chains arriv'd to thee,
Because I Live, unstain'd your Purity ?

Am I (Gods ! how my Anguish grows !) the Bane
Of your abolish'd Peace, and mirthful Vein ?

Is this Requital to your Virtue due ?

Must then such Fate such Piety pursue ?

Is his infatiate Soul with Blood not cloy'd,

Not glutted yet, nor Fate enough annoy'd,

Tho' I alone, of Fifty Brothers, found

A kind Exemption from the destin'd Wound ?

But must your Life th' appointed Number fill ?

Must, for my Blood, your precious Blood distil ?

Here too, then, Death, strike thy relieving Dart ;

Oblivion only can Relief impart.

Oft have I wish'd, oft for my self desir'd,

Tho' not for you this fatal Wish requir'd,

That these Death-closed Eyes no more had seen

Ensuing Light ; then Happy had I been ;

Whilst

Whilst in the silent Grave, eternal Rest,
 I, from my lasting Troubles, had possess'd.
 Why did I not from your grasp'd Weapon find
 My Destiny? Or, since you Fate declin'd,
 Why did we not our mutual Safety seek;
 Embrace one Fortune, and one Flight partake?
 Base as I was, and Dastard, thus to leave
 The Fair, from whose fair Hands I Life receive,
 A monstrous Father's brutal Rage to grieve.
 From his prevented Rage you shall be free,
 Or welcome Death my courted Lot shall be.
 'Tis worse than Death, while You your Sire detains
 In gloomy Prison, and encumbering Chains;
 'Cause you from secret Death redeem'd my Life,
 And dar'd to be an unpolluted Wife.

Unnat'ral Sire! but more Ungrateful I,
 Who Loiter here, while you in Prison lie!
 Griev'd with your Complaints, I to your Rescue come,
 Or Death or Conquest's my determin'd Doom:

Supply'd

Supply'd with Troops, whose conqu'ring Arms before
 Your Sire has felt, and will, I hope, once more
 Feel their just Vengeance, and confess their Pow'r,

Ah ! now, in vain, my Father does repent
 The rash Compulsion of your Sire's Consent ;
 With fancy'd Guilt his conscious Mind does bleed,
 As the vile Author of this impious Deed :
 Oft will he shake his Head ; then, groaning, cry,
 " 'Tis I'm the guilty Cause of all ; yes, I,
 " Who forc'd him, tho' unwilling, to comply :
 For he th' intended Nuptials did oppose ;
 Whence Discord sprung, and they commenced Foes,
 My Father's Troops his subject Realms invade,
 Check'd his imperious Mind, him pliant made.

At length the Day arrives, the Day assign'd,
 Our Plighted Hearts in *Hymen's* Chains to bind.

Now

Now at the Shrines religious Rites we pay ;
 Loud Shouts of Joy salute us on the Way,
 And seeming Gladness entertains the Day ;
 In brimming Bowls the circling Liquor flows,
 'Till drousy Time invites us to Repose.
 The Brides withdraw ; they're to their Chambers led,
 Preparing there to grace the Nuptial Bed.
 At length we come, all-fir'd with Wine and Love,
 Th'Intrancing Raptures of the Bed to prove ;
 There, in high Transports of tumultuous Joy,
 Our Full-delighted Senses we employ.

Now creeping Sleep through our tir'd Senses moves ;
 Alas, a fatal, deadly Sleep it proves !
 Now your vile Sisters hasten to fulfil,
 And act their cruel Father's awful Will :
 Each in the Breast of her Reposing Lord,
 Explores a Way, and sheaths the pointed Sword.

Amongst the rest, you're order'd too, to slay
 Your doomed Husband, as he sleeping lay :
 But Love restrain'd, and virtuous Scruples sway'd,
 Your Mind deterr'd, the lifted Weapon stay'd,
 And, spite of all his Menaces, you disobey'd.

Rous'd with your murm'ring tim'rous Voice, I start,
 Spring from the Bed, and, shuddring at my Heart,
 With Horror and Amazement, round I stare,
 Trembling for you, ah! what, what is't you fear?
 While you all-shiv'ring stand, and out of Breath,
 Your paled Looks o'erspread with pictur'd Death.
 The more that I enquire, the more you cry,
 Away, my L I N U S, ah! make haste, and fly!
 Lest intercepting Death arrest your Flight,
 Hurrying your Soul into eternal Night.

By your Perswasions mov'd, my Flight I made,
 Whilst you, expos'd to all the Danger, stay'd.

Had

Had I the gath'ring Storm, the Danger known,
 By all the Gods, I swear, I'd never gone ;
 I'd Dy'd, e're I had left you to engage
 Your Father's Fury, and infernal Rage.

Can ye just Gods on such dire Crimes look down,
 Serene your Looks, and no vindictive Frown ?
 Such heinous Crimes a just Reward will find ;
 Sure, Heaven will to the Innocent be Kind !
 Stern *Juno's* softned Mind will now relent,
 No more on our unhappy Race she'll vent
 Her former Hate, for forced *Io's* Rape ;
 But aid the Innocent, and further your Escape.
 Offended *Hymen* too will vindicate
 His Injur'd Rites, and will avenge your Fate.

But if th' Almighty Pow'rs Above decree,
 That I no more must *HYPERMNESTRA* see,
 No more must gaze on your celestial Charms,
 No more must clasp you in my folding Arms ;

Tho' for a-while I may this Life sustain,
 This irksome Life, with Misery clogg'd, and Pain;
 Not long will I survive, nor here will stay,
 But 'till I Vengeance, for your Death, repay:
 I'll then o'ertake your leading Ghost Below;
 Here this Inscription our sad Fate shall show;

*Here lies a Faithful Loving Wife, who gave
 Her dearer Life, a Husband's Life to save;
 With her lov'd Husband, who reveng'd her Death,
 Her Murd'ers punish'd, then resign'd his Breath.*



To



TO DELIA.

OH ! that these Lines may with Success impart
 Th' unrival'd Passion of my wounded Heart ;
 In equal Strains, pathetically may show
 The racking Torments here I undergo :
 For thee, my Fair, for thee, 'tis I endure
 Distracting Pangs, which will admit no Cure ;
 No Cure, but what my Fair One must apply ;
 I by thy Smiles must Live, or by thy Frowns must Die.

My lovely Charmer, when these Lines thou read'st
 Pity the Youth who by thy Beauty bleeds :
 All Day my Thoughts on thy dear Beauties rove ;
 Long tedious Nights, tormented with my Love,

I rest-

I restless toſs, and in my Bed I roul ;
 For Love concedes ſmall Quiet to my Soul.
 My wakeful Eyes when peaceful Slumbers cloſe,
 Indulgent Dreams in my cajol'd Repoſe
 Of thee, my Charming DELIA ; then ariſe
 Imparting Tranſports of imagin'd Joys.
 How bleſs'd were I, cou'd I, awake, but find
 Thoſe Feign'd Returns, and that Complying Mind.
 But when I wake, I wake to certain Pain,
 I find the dear-deluding Viſion vain ;
 I find no Fair, I meet with no return
 Of yielded Love ; then ſilently I mourn
 The Viſion fled, my joyleſs Fate deplore ;
 Then oft, then oft I wiſh to be no more.
 Come, kindly Death, come, welcome wou'dſt thou be,
 From Love's hot Calenture my Boſom free ;
 Quiet to me thy friendly Dart muſt give ;
 Allay this wretched State in which I live :
 No vain-hop'd Quiet can I here enjoy,
 While ſlighted Love my Quiet does deſtroy.

The favour'd Joys of Company I hate,
 And chearful Sports my Cares but aggravate ;
 All my moap'd Wishes, are, to be Alone,
 To muse on thee, and my sad Fate bemoan :
 I loath my Food, my Vigour does decay,
 And, with impairing Love, I waste away :
 A lingring Death I bear ; and only You
 My fading Health and Vigour can renew.

Fain wou'd I footh the Anguish of my Pain,
 With flatt'ring Hopes I might your Pity gain :
 But, oh ! I fear, will unsuccessful prove
 The utmost Effort of my suppliant Love.
 For now the World's so mercenary grown,
 No kind Regard to faithful Love is shown :
 Ensnaring Riches only can impart
 Successful Charms, to win the Fair One's Heart ;
 'Tis Pomp, and Show, and glitt'ring Equipage,
 That their deprav'd Affections must engage ;

To

To these gay Baits my DELIA does encline,
 These are her Aim, these are ; alas ! not mine ;
 And the penurious Indigence of this,
 Blasts all the Hopes of my entreated Bliss.

Then curs'd be he whose Hands did first explore,
 From Earth's dark Entrails, the refulgent Oar :
 Curs'd be the Man whose vain ambitious Mind
 The tainted World to Grandeur first inclin'd :
 But curs'd the Man who first debas'd, and made
 The Art of Courtship a mechanick Trade,
 Who of his Riches vain, made his Address,
 And, by those Charms, gain'd undeserv'd Success :
 Ev'n curs'd the Maid whose sordid Mind first sold
 Her heav'nly Charms, in lieu of drossy Gold ;
 But blest'd be she, the Maid, who will return
 Intrinsick Joys for Joys, nor the Deserving scorn.

I to my Hopes no ampler Scope dare give,
 Than, that your Goodness will this Fault forgive ;

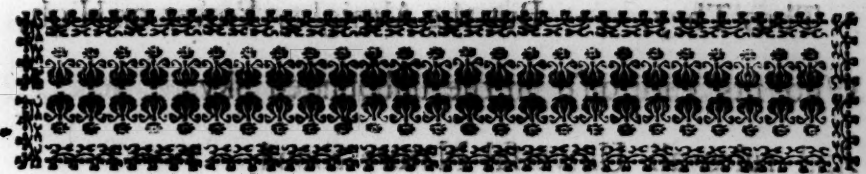
This

This rude Assurance, that I dare complain
 Of the sharp Puncture of Love's piercing Pain:
 So raging, so acute's my boundless Smart,
 It draws this Plaint from my unwilling Heart:
 Unwilling I'm, while various Doubts contend,
 Lest my harsh Plaints your grated Ears offend.
 Frown not, my charming Fair: Ah! if you knew,
 Were you convinc'd of all I bear for you,
 You wou'd, you cou'd not but some Pity shew.
 No, 'tis not in your Nature, e'er to show
 A barb'rous Pleasure in another's Woe:
 No, your Mild Disposition's too divine,
 In you, resplendent, all Perfections shine:
 But, like the rest, the too despotick Pow'r
 Of Wealth, and Pomp, do's your pleas'd Mind allure;
 Dazling too much in your deluded Sight,
 The Obstacle to my pursu'd Delight.
 If niggard Fortune's scanty Gifts deny
 A full Completion to m'accomplish'd Joy;

Yet let not these presumptuous Lines engage
 Your Scorn too cruel, nor excite your Rage;
 But on my Suff'rings some soft Showrs bestow,
 When with this Life I've finished my Woe.
 With Life alone this hapless State must end,
 Approaching Death a quick Relief will send
 To my suspended Care: Ah! then do you
 Confess, my only-then-extinguish'd Love was true.



A Tran-



A Translation of the 2^d PSALM.

WHY do the Heathen rage, why vainly form
 Such wild Designs? why do the People
 What tow'ring Frenzy, what distemper'd Rage
 Does their infatuated Thoughts engage?
 That awful Kings, whose arbitrary Sway
 Stretch'd o'er the Land, subjected Realms obey;
 With lordly Rulers of the raging Earth,
 Confed'rate join'd, to thoughtless Plots gave birth,
 Sedition kindling, while their Fury's pointed
 Against th' Almighty, and the Lord's Anointed?
 Let us exert our selves; nor thus obey,
 Like abject Slaves, their proud, usurped Sway,
 But throw, they cry, their servile Chains away.

Thus They. — But the Almighty Power on High,
Who sits enthron'd in the unbounded Sky,
And rules all Universal Nature round,
Shall mock their Schemes, and all their Plots confound ;
'Till giving to his rising Vengeance way,
On them his Arm his Terrors shall display.

On Zion's holy Hill I've plac'd my King,
Him will I to distinguish'd Honour bring.
So, LORD, thy sacred Law will I dictate
To foreign Lands, and the remotest State ;
Declare thy fix'd Decree, thy Words display,
Thou art my Son, I've gotten Thee this Day :
Require of me, I'll grant Thee thy Request,
And Heathen Lands submit to Thy Behest ;
Th' uttermost Limits of the distant Land,
Thou, as thy just Possessions, shalt command.

You

You mighty Lords, you Sov'reigns of this Ball,
 You Judges, before whom the People fall,
 Fall prostrate now, and now exalt your Voice,
 With Fear, with Trembling in the Lord rejoice;
 Embrace his Son, becoming Rev'rence pay,
 And, by your Rev'rence, turn his Wrath away;
 Left kindled, by Neglect, his Wrath should rise,
 Whose smallest portion utterly destroys.
 Then Praise the L O R D ; for only blest'd are they
 Whose upright Minds his holy Precepts sway.



A Transla-



A Translation of PSALM 114.

W
[Hand,
[Land,
[mand;
 Hen *Jacob's* Seed, led by th' Almighty's
 From *Pharaoh* freed, left *Egypt's* guilty
 And fought, in freer States, an uncontroll'd Com-
 His royal Tent in *Judab's* chosen Plain
Jehovah pitch'd, in *Isra'el* fix'd his Reign
 The troubled Ocean saw't, and roaring, fled,
 Amaz'd, agast; struck with stupendous Dread,
 Astonish'd *Jordan* backward sought his secret Head;
 His secret Head he sought, in wild Affright,
 To hide him there from the tremendous Sight.
 At the tremendous Sight the Mountains quake;
 Like tim'rous Rams the loftiest Mountains shake:
 Like little bleating Lambs, when Danger's near,
 The lesser Hills pursue, and skip for Fear.
 Why shrink you thus, you perturbed Sea?
 Why, cowering *Jordan*, did you backward flee?

Why

Why skipp'd, ye Hills? And why, ye Mountains tall,
 Did your extended Tops thus lowly fall?
 What was the Cause? What Danger did appear?
 As great the Cause, as mighty was your Fear.

Shake on, ye Hills; and bowe, ye mountains high;
 Shrink back, you Ocean; backward *Jordan* fly;
 Tremble, tremble all Earth, now the Almighty's nigh!
 He comes! He comes! all terrible array'd,
 Surprising Pomp, and Majesty's display'd!
 The G O D of *Jacob* comes! the G O D of Power,
 Who can, from flinty Rocks, exhaustless Rivers showr!

F I N I S.



Why shipp'd, ye Hills? And why, ye Mountains tall,

Did your extended Tops thus lowly fall?

What was the Cause? What Danger did appear?

As great the Cause, as mighty was your Fear.

Shake on, ye Hills; and bow, ye mountains high;

Shrink back, you Ocean; backward, Jordan fly;

Tremble, tremble all Earth, now the Almighty's nigh!

He comes! He comes! all terrible array'd,

Surprising Power, and Majesty's display'd!

The God of Jacob comes! the God of Power,

Who can from flinty Rocks, exhauſtless Rivers show!

FINIS

